
Title: Vailanna's Story

Author: Vailanna

The young woman gently patted her stallion's neck as she rode homeward to the town of Britain. The seasoned warhorse had been assigned to her when she became a recruit of the town's guard forces, and she was glad for the company on her patrols. Her partner was still in the infirmary recovering from wounds he had recieved in their last battle with the brigands that had been lurking just outside of the town's limits as of late. Chuckling softly, she noticed that her mount got a bit of a spring in his step as he sensed they were coming closer to home, and she imagined he was as weary as she was having been out for the entire evening walking the countryside. "Dear friend we have been fortunate this eve, tis been quiet."

Nearly lulled by his gait, Vailanna suddenly bolted awake as the stallion halted in midstride and began champing at his bit, his ears flattening back in warning. Trusting his instincts, the young warrior sliently drew her kryss from its sheath at her side, her eyes searching to find what had alarmed him. After a moment of hearing nothing, she gently kneed

the beast, signaling him
to proceed along the
road. The stallion
carefully picked his way
along their path, his
training showing well as
he moved in near silence.

As they went further
along the road, Vailanna
reined in the stallion,
lifting her head and
sniffing as the
unmistakable scent of
black pearl and nightshade
were carried on the faint
breeze. Sighing softly,
and wishing she had her
partner to assist her,
she whispered a soft
prayer to the Virtues to
protect her, knowing she
would be facing the
battle alone. Clucking to
her mount, she urged him
on her eyes searching for
the brigands she knew
were ahead. As they
rounded the bend, the
sound of battle grew
louder and louder in her
ears, and she spurred her
mount even faster.

Coming across a large
clearing, her deep blue
eyes fixed upon the sight
of a lone figure clad in
black and blood red, his
hands raised to trace
sigils of magic in the air.
Her gaze moving past
him, she could see a
large band of brigands
slowly closing in on him, a
few showing signs of
burns from the magic
attacks. "By the
Virtues.." Her voice
trailed off as she
apparised the odds, then
tilting back her head, let
out a loud war cry,
knowing that no matter
what, she was to uphold
the vows she took to
protect the populace of
Britain.

The brigands as a group
paused on hearing the
war cry, then a few
began chuckling at the
sight of the young girl
clad in the King's uniform
tearing through the
clearing on a great war
horse. Their laughs quickly
subsided as she charged
through one side of the
group, her kryss swinging
in wide arcs as it sliced
through flesh, and the
blood began flow in short
time. The leader of the
pack growled and pointed
at the girl as she swung
her mount around at the
end of the clearing,
starting up another
charge toward them.
"Bring me that wench!
She needs to learn a few
lessons!" The more
seasoned of the brigands
began to close ranks, and
as Vailanna charged
toward them again, one
of them was able to jam
his sword through the
stallions chest, bringing
the great beast down
beneath her. Tumbling
out of the saddle, she
rolled as she hit the
ground, and then elaping
to her feet, she yealled
over her shoulder to the
lone man. "Get thyself to
safety!! The town is
close.. GO!"

As her words stopped,
he raised his head
slightly, an odd yellowish
glow emanating from his
eyes, his gaze transfixing
hers as the words "Corp
Por" were heard coming
from him. As the blue
streaks flew from his
hands towards the men
behind her, charrign their
flesh in mere seconds,
Vailanna's eye grew wide
in horror as the flames

illuminated his face, and she saw him for what he was. "A.. a.. lich..." she stammered. Her body began trembling as she looked at him, and as she stared at him, frozen in shock and fear, the sound of footsteps approached her from behind.

As she began to turn her head, a searing pain burned her cheek as the leader of the brigands' sword ran across her face. Her hand came up to her face, and pulling it away, she saw it was covered in blood. Glancing up at the big warrior, she didn't have enough time to step back as the pommel of his sword came down to strike her head. As a blinking flash crossed her vision, she dropped to her knees, the kryss falling in the grass as she struggled desperately to keep consciousness. She heard "Vas Rel Por" rumbling from the lich, and a blue sparkling shimmer appeared beside him. Moaning weakly, Vailanna slowly slumped into the grass, pain overcoming her as the brigand stood over her, plunging his sword down and piercing her in the side, merely wounding the girl, rather than killing her immediately. The lich took a step toward the gate, then paused as the girl let out a weak whimper. Raising his hand, a flame shot out toward the grinning brigand, the blast instantly charring the man to a mound of burned flesh and bone. The lich then took a few steps to the dazed girl's body, looking down at the once

lovey girl who lay in a
crumpled bloody mess.

Vailanna's glazed eyes
barely saw the figure
except for the yellow
glow of his eyes, and she
let out a soft whimper
as a skeletal hand
reached down and closed
around her wrist. Unable
to pull away, she let out
a sobbing gasp, then her
eyes rolled back, and sank
into the depths blackness
as her consciousness left
her.....

[5/14/2001]